

How To Shut Up Your Boyfriend by Kiku_Takamoto

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Summary:

Steve is teaching El and Max how to make cannolis for their Home Ec project, however Billy and his unfiltered thoughts make the simple task much harder. Steve has a perfect solution.

How To Shut Up Your Boyfriend

“Crap! I cracked another one!”

It was Sunday, but instead of hanging with the boys, Max and El were in Steve’s kitchen making cannoli’s for their home economics partner project. They had to make a dessert from a different country (and no, a dessert from different state didn’t count). Thankfully Steve was one of the few Hawkins residents who actually knew how to make authentic Italian cannoli’s.

It was times like this, and on the various holidays and get togethers, that it was super convenient and fortunate for the party to know someone like Steve. However, learning to make cannoli’s with Steve came at one stipulation, Max and El also had to tolerate Billy enjoying all their small mistakes and mess ups. Max was especially getting the brunt of the deal.

“Well, shitbird, maybe it you didn’t press on them like you do with the arcade game buttons you wouldn’t be cover in cannoli shells,” Billy sneered, taking in glee at watching his sister struggling to fill the cannoli’s. Max flipped him off, seconds away from throwing the remains of the shells at him.

Thankfully Steve was always the one to intervene before the siblings went too far.

“Hargrove,’ Steve poked Billy’s forehead, pushing him away from the counter, ‘I’m the one teaching them how to make these for their home ec class. You don’t see me telling you how to do your job at the pool.”

“Proceed, *Stefano*,” Billy stated, purposely over exaggerating his ‘Italian’ accent on purpose. Now Steve wondered if he should join Max in pelting the blonde up with cannoli shells.

He turned around, this time helping El with the chocolate chip filling piping bag, the differences between her and Max was obvious. El was too cautious while Max on the other hand was too rough. Steve gently placed his hand over El’s motioning her hands in the correct direction.

Billy bit his lip. He felt stupid for being jealous of high school freshman, he didn’t care. Anyone other than him who got attention from Steve was instantly under his jealousy radar. Max smirked at her brother’s obvious jealousy while Billy flipped her off, meanwhile Steve and El were all too obvious the silent argument next to them.

“Anyways,’ Steve instructed, grinning at watching El’s face of fascination as the filing went into the shell with ease, ‘Just relax, and the rest will be easy. We have a few dozen cannoli shells left. Plenty of chances to screw up-“

“Why didn’t you buy the store-bought ones?” Billy interrupted, making his impatience known. Steve suppressed an eye roll, choosing instead to get out the chocolate covered cannoli shells from the fridge.

“Because if my *Nonna* were to find out I bought store bought cannoli shells I will burn in Hell on the spot,” he declared.

Billy narrowed his glare, “You’re Jewish! You don’t even believe in Hell!”

“I think an Italian buying store bought cannoli made by a redneck named Dale who thinks Chef Boyardee is authentic Italian food is an expectation,” Steve snipped back.

For twenty whole seconds both boys argued back and forth, between Billy’s obnoxious voice and Steve’s hand gestures, it looked like a comedy sketch more than an actual argument. El and Max watched the entire exchange unsure if was wise to intervene. It soon became even more heated when Steve started screaming in Italian while Billy kept yelling “Speak fucking English!”

Max knew once Steve started speaking Italian things were getting serious.

“Steve!” Max yelled over both boys, both went silent instantly. The redhead rolled her eyes, pointing at the bowls with chocolate chip and strawberry filling, ‘The cannoli? You were showing us how to stuff them.’

“Oh right,’ he returned to the kitchen watching Max carefully fill in another shell, he carefully loosened her tight grip on the piping bag, ‘You don’t want to squeeze from near the end, it’s better to start from the very top so the stuffing can go in easier, and you don’t waste any filling.’

From the kitchen corner, Billy had a smirk grow on his face at the description. His tongue licked the top of his teeth before traveling to

his lower lip. El tilted her in curiosity on why Billy so interested in Steve handling the piping bag and why Max was turning red at seeing Billy's gestures. Steve was none the wiser, 'Then you want to work your way down until it's time to refill on more filling-'

"Oh, I wonder where you learned that-"

Steve then caught on. His whole face tuned bright red.

"*Silenzio!*" he yelled. Except instead of allowing a response from the equally loud blonde, Steve stuffed an already filled chocolate chip cannoli in Billy's mouth, taking in small pleasure at watching Billy trying to wolf the treat down. Billy flipped him with both hands as he continued to chew throw the cream and shell. Steve grinned turning around to see both girls suppressing their laughter at the display.

"And that's how you shut up your no-filter boyfriend," Steve stated washing his hands from practically stuffing his hand in Billy's mouth 'That not a home ec topic, but a very useful relationship tip."

Billy grumbled angrily, too stubborn to admit he wanted another cannoli. Choosing instead to grab a cold beer while he planned his revenge in private.

As soon as the two girls got back to Hopper's they both burst into laughter, much to the bewilderment of Hopper and Joyce.

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“A C! A lousy C!” Mike complained at lunch. Everyone at the table had to suppress an eyeroll. Even for El and Max, having an entire box filled with cannoli was not enough to sweeten this moment.

“You’re the one who tried to use store bought fish with breading!” Dustin retorted, gladly accepting a strawberry cannoli from El.

Lucas rolled his eyes, “It’s fish and chips, how did you screw that up?”

Mike looked ready to complain for ten minutes straight, “Whatever, this class is stupid anyways. I bet- hmm!”

El had taken a chocolate chip flipped cannoli, stuffing it directly into Mike’s mouth. Affectively shutting him up on the spot. The whole table watched in interest and amusement as Mike tried eating through the cannoli while tempting to complain more (which only resulted in filling getting all over his chin).

El’s eyes sparkled with joy, “It works!”

Dustin continued to laugh at Mike choking down the rest of the cannoli while Will just silently ate another cannoli waiting to see what the outcome would be.

Lucas looked at El in disbelief before turning to his girlfriend, “Where

did she learn to do that?"

Max smiled remembering yesterday afternoon when Steve stuffed the cannoli in Billy mouth. Then she remembered the aftermath, the two stupid boys cuddling on the couch after Steve spent four hours on his feet in the kitchen with the two girls and them later falling asleep together on the couch before Hopper picked them up.

"It's a long a story," Max breathed out, the smile on her face never left.

Author's Note:

Don't actually stuff a cannoli in your partners mouth, you might choke them and that won't be any fun for anyone.

I don't know about you guys, but whenever I get into a heated argument with relatives sometimes we forget to speak English because we get so mad, haha

You can't convince me that Billy wouldn't find sexual innuendo in filling cannolis.